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PEACE.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

Peace beginning to be
 Deep as the sleep of the sea
 When the stars their faces glass
 In its blue tranquillity;
 Hearts of men upon earth
 Never once still from their birth,
 To rest as the wild waters rest
 With the colors of heaven on their breast !

Love, which is sunlight of peace,
 Age by age to increase,
 Till anger and hatred are dead,
 And sorrow and death shall cease ;
 "Peace on earth and good will !"
 Souls that are gentle and still
 Hear the first music of this
 Far-off, infinite bliss !

THE BEGINNING OF A MODERN MISSIONARY.

The following is the Christian experience of Edward P. Holton, being a paper read by him at a Congregational Council in Everett, Mass., May 14, 1891, preparatory to his ordination as a missionary to Madura, India, which took place the same day.

"By the grace of God I am what I am."—1 Cor. xv. 10.

It was His grace that gave me my birth into a Christian home, that grace has saved me from becoming what I would have made myself, and it has brought me before you to-day. For whatever of merit that there may be in me, to God be the praise.

My parents were home missionaries in Southern Illinois when I was born; a year or so later they moved East, and from my third year until I went away to college, eight years ago, my home was in this town. My earliest childhood memories centre about this house of God. I was early brought into the habit of regular church and Sabbath-school attendance,—my father always setting his children the example—even to the morning of his death. He was a man of intense convictions and was fearless and frank in making them known, but withal so courteous and gentlemanly that all who knew him honored and respected him.

Although God, in His wisdom, saw fit to take my father home to Himself before I had completed my tenth year, his memory is still fresh and distinct in my mind; his scholarly attainments, his gentle, helpful life, and, above all, his earnest, humble Christian devotion have ever since been incentives leading me on and up to the best thought and action.

I feel to-day I am following just the course in life that he would have had me take, had he been spared to counsel me in the choice of my life's work. Indeed, I have much for which to thank God in my memories of my father.

I cannot speak too highly of my mother and the untiring efforts she has made in order to supply the father's place for her children and to give them the same careful Christian training that he had with her begun. On his death she at once took up the conduct of daily family-worship, which has been of inestimable value, to one of her boys at least, in resisting the great temptations peculiar to boyhood, and it has fitted him, as nothing else

could, for the duties of Christian living. Her example has always been in harmony with her precepts, and she has inspired her children with a love for the true, the pure and the upright.

So far as the cares of her household permitted she has always attended the regular services of our church; not in a careless nor a critical manner, but ever seeking to get from her worship here that which should help her to make her life and her home as much as possible such as God would have them to be. She has spared no efforts or expense, that have been within her means, to give her children the most thorough education and the best possible preparation for lives of Christian usefulness. All the greater credit is due her for this, because it has been with her a definite act of consecration.

She dedicated her children to the Lord in their infancy; she has lived for their welfare and for the fulfilment of the promises she made for them at their baptism. Surely, I have much to thank God for in my noble Christian mother. Growing up in such a family, taught from my earliest childhood to pray at my mother's knee, and as I grew older, to join in the family devotions of Scripture reading, singing and prayer,—it is no wonder that I do not remember the time when I did not believe in God as my Heavenly Father and in Jesus as my Saviour.

I do not mean by that to intimate that I was a *good* boy, nor that my boyhood was "one sweet psalm of praise," for it was not. It was a quick-tempered, pugnacious boyhood, as full of mischief and petty depredation as it well could be with the strict home training and watchfulness. Being small for my years and fond of books and study, I was thrown among boys of a larger growth and early heard much that was questionable.

Again, I was often incited by my larger companions into many daring acts of mischief from which I did not always escape unharmed. However, in all my boyhood, I do not remember ever having used profanity, and I listened to very little of the low, coarse talk that was to be heard if one wished to listen. My pure home training and my mother's face always rose up before me and made such talk to me full of disgust. One evil habit I early acquired however, that of untruthfulness; it was, I think, largely through my cowardly fear of corporal punishment that was sure to follow the discovery of my many misdeeds. My father's strict discipline only strengthened the habit until it got so great control over me that for years it has required the greatest effort to resist the sudden temptations to take the flimsy shelter of a lie, spoken or acted. Not always has the temptation been resisted, but a confession of the wrong, when I have committed one, has done much to aid me to overcome, and to strengthen my love for perfect honesty, frankness and sincerity. It is with shame that I allude to this great weakness of my childhood and the vice of my later years, but it represents to me a long continued struggle of which perhaps but few of my friends have been aware.

One other struggle I must confess, that for the mastery of a morose, sullen temper. Not one that was quick to blaze up in resentment and equally quick to frankly confess its wrong and seek forgiveness, the fault of a generous nature; it was a moody disposition which was ready to suspect intended slights or insults, and when once aroused was hard to be appeased. It has often caused those that were most dear to me great pain and sorrow, while I myself have been most keenly sensible to its unchristlikeness.

But I think I can truthfully say that by God's grace this evil disposition has been subdued. I do not say this overconfidently, for the armor is not yet put off, but my faith of victory in the future struggle is solely in Him, who has said, "My grace is sufficient for thee." For years one of my favorite verses of Scripture has been, "But thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ," because in one of my childhood's Sunday-school library books that was the watchword which helped a young man to conquer a similar disposition.

Passing from my boyhood to young manhood, I united with this church in the middle of the sixteenth year of my life; it was during the ministry of the Rev. Wm. H. Bolster, now of South Weymouth, Mass. The circumstances were as follows,—I had long felt that I ought to be a confessing Christian and give myself up to God's service. My faithful teacher, Dea. George Whittemore, had often spoken to me of it with a gentleness which I could not resent. For years I resisted and put it off, I did not want to be a Christian then, but of course I intended to be one sometime. My elder sister, my mother's mainstay in her efforts to keep our little family together, was taken suddenly ill, and after a single week's illness died. Her loss made a deep impression on my mind and gave me a new view of the seriousness of life.

We were at that time having a flourishing Young People's prayer-meeting every Sunday evening in the small vestry of this building, and I attended the meetings regularly. At the close of the meeting one evening, an earnest Christian lady spoke a few words to me about my coming to the Saviour. It seemed to be the one thing needful to get me to give up my resisting the influence of God's spirit. The next Sunday evening I accepted the invitation and arose for prayers. In a month or two I came before the church committee for examination and was received into the church at the July communion. It was the most critical period of my life, and I have often trembled to think how I should have come through that summer of peculiar temptations if it had not been for the restraint and the support I got from my confession of Christ.

I think that one of my chief reasons for delaying to take this step, as my brother had taken it three years before, was that I had been waiting for some tide of feeling or enthusiasm to sweep me along into the church without much of any effort on my part. No such enthusiasm ever came, but I had hoped that the great sense of joy should come to me after I had taken the step, as I had heard so many others testify that it had been their experience. So, when that failed to come, and in its stead there came these strong temptations, I became quite discouraged and felt I was not all a Christian.

The regular attendance at the Sabbath and mid-week services of the church, and especially the frequent kind words of my pastor, were very helpful to me. He probably little realized then how much he was doing for me nor to-day how much, through God's grace, I owe to his faithful counsels.

From my earliest childhood I had a conviction that I must some day be a foreign missionary. My father had at one time been under appointment by the Board to go as a missionary to the Sandwich Islands, but the failure of his eyes absolutely forbade it. I have sometimes thought that I inherited my interest in foreign missions from him. When I was about five years old, a missionary from Madura,

India, Rev. John Rendall, and his daughter spent a day or two in our family, and from that visit I date my earliest missionary interest. Whenever a missionary came to give us an address here in this house, or whenever, in my boyhood, I visited the house of our minister, Rev. Albert Bryant, who had spent several years in Turkey I was always fascinated with their accounts of life and Christian work in foreign lands. I say *fascinated*, for while my interest was greatly aroused and I felt I should some day engage in that work, yet I always dreaded the thought of it. I did not want to be a missionary, nor a minister, I wanted to be a doctor and live in this country. As the years went by the struggle became clearer and more definite in my mind, until it became so oppressive that, at the time when I united with the church, I could stand it no longer. So I made a compromise with conscience, that I would give up my cherished plans of being a doctor and would be a minister and do just all the good I could *in this country*. This purpose was distinct in my mind when I stood that July afternoon where I now stand and covenanted to "cheerfully devote" myself "to God, consecrating all my powers and faculties to His service and glory."

My compromise gave me rest from my uneasy conscience until about the following spring and then it began to assert itself again and to claim that I had no right to make any such reservation as I had made. This struggle kept on growing worse and making me at times very miserable until January, 1883. I had dared mention it to no one, not even to my minister. But in January, 1883, another missionary from India visited our home for a few days, Miss Hester A. Hillis of the Board's mission in Ceylon; she has since gone home to her reward. I questioned her very much about the missionary's inner life, my desire being to find out whether they could be happy in the unpleasant and sometimes dangerous surroundings. I got a good deal of information of a general nature but very little real help from her until the second morning of her stay, when at the morning worship my mother asked Miss Hillis to lead the family in prayer. Then, as she seemed to forget all about us there, and began to pour out all her love for her dear little native girls in India and showed how she longed to get back to care for them again, then I broke right down in spirit; I heard no more of her prayer; I simply know I said over and over to myself, "I can be happy there, I'll give in, I'll go!" and it was settled there. I kept the matter to myself for a week, the change that had come over my life seemed too good to be true, and I could not tell it to any one until I was certain of it. Then came the thought that I had never been really a Christian until then, so in great distress of mind I went to my pastor, Rev. Geo. Y. Washburn, and told him all about it. He cheered me up greatly by calling it a growth in my Christian life; I was greatly comforted by that thought then, though I have since doubted whether he was right. When I told him of my determination to be a missionary I was very much grieved when he gently showed me that I should say I was *willing* to be a missionary, instead of that I was *going* to be one; but when he said that I could say the former and trust it to God's guidance I was quite satisfied, for I was *sure* that that was just what He would have me do. That afternoon it seemed to me that God set His seal of approval on my new decision by sending me straight from the pastor's study to bring for the first time the comfort of my religion to those who were in distress, a stranger family

in our neighborhood whose head, the young husband and son, had been killed by the cars just the night before.

From that time forward everything seemed to combine to help me forward in my plans. I entered college that fall without any money to meet my expenses; I felt free to accept scholarship aid for the sake of my future work. This church, twice at Mr. Washburn's suggestions, gave me help when it was much needed. I found work among the neighboring farmers and in the employ of the college itself, which with the help my mother gave me by moving to Amherst and giving me my home and living expenses, enabled me to take my course without interruption and to graduate with only a slight indebtedness.

My Christian life grew and deepened from meeting the professors and the many Christian men in the college. During the last two years of my course the Y. M. C. A. of the college put me in charge of a little mission Sunday-school in the adjoining town and this was a means of developing much of the very best within me.

There was only a single discouragement that my mission plans suffered while I was at Amherst: we were frequently addressed, at our Thursday and Sunday-evening meetings, by returned missionaries who would speak of the need of more men for the work. Several times I sought an interview after the address, to make further inquiries, and three or four times, when I spoke of my own hopes of going out some time to India, I was met by a keen look and the remark that they needed the very best men for mission work in India! That would utterly discourage me for the time being, for I was fully aware that I was far from being one of the ablest or best men in my class. But, as I heard the continued appeals for more men and came to appreciate the educative value of daily, Christian living, I began to take courage once more.

I took President Seelye's advice to go immediately from College to Seminary if my finances should allow it. I made application and entered Yale Seminary the fall of that year, 1887. During the summer I worked for a farmer in Western Massachusetts and earned enough to help me well along on my first year's expenses. The next two summers I preached in the employ of the American Home Missionary Society in the township of Norfolk, St. Lawrence County, New York. I tried to be faithful to my duties and my opportunities and I worked hard. The Lord granted some success to my efforts with a few individuals, but the inward condition of the churches where I labored was such that there seemed to be little spiritual benefit from my two summers of hard work.

Beside the fact that I had put my heart and soul into my work, my apparent failure was all the more discouraging because I had applied Mr. Moody's remark to myself: "No man ought to enter the ministry who can keep out of it, and no man should be sent out as a foreign missionary until he has first had some success as a Christian worker at home."

I was sure that I had not "heard some other noise," as Prof. Phelps once said, when I was called to the ministry, but at the close of my second summer's preaching I felt I had yet to win my right, according to Mr. Moody's standard, to ask the churches to send me out as a foreign missionary.

As the Board requests of its candidates, I offered myself for its service at the beginning of my senior year in the Seminary, and I was appointed in October, 1889, and

designated to the Madura Mission according to my own choice. I was then planning to take a fourth year of medical study after graduation and was taking up the work of the first year in the medical school in connection with the last year's work in the Seminary, but the officers of the Board and several of my missionary friends advised against that course, and I very reluctantly gave it up. I would gladly have gone out to India last fall, but family considerations prevented.

Last summer, at the urgent request of my former pastor, Rev. G. Y. Washburn, I went out to Northern Michigan to engage in missionary work under his direction in the neighborhood of Hancock, my expenses being largely met by his church. The results of the summer's work were most gratifying to me; at last, I felt that my plans for foreign service had received their justification. There were several, both young and middle-aged, I do not yet know just how many, who were led to give their hearts to Christ through my public and private ministry among them.

Since I was compelled to remain in this country another year and it was not deemed advisable to spend it in the study of medicine, I decided to take up the study of Comparative Religions, and so I entered the advanced class at Andover, where I have been studying the past eight months and have yet three weeks more. Since January 1, I have been preaching regularly at Hanover, Mass., and have agreed to supply their pulpit until the time of my departure for India this fall. In my preaching thus far I have made it my rule never to preach that which was not real to my Christian experience, or that which I did not fully and heartily believe. I have made much of the importance of the study of the Bible and the memorizing of its passages, both in my own practice and urging its adoption by my parishioners. I have always striven for a more general attendance at, and participation in, the various services of worship, and I have tried to set a worthy example in the faithful discharge of duties and a cheerful trust in the ultimate triumph of God's Kingdom, whatever the hindrances or discouragements I may have had to meet.

SAVINGS BANKS.

Last year the deposits of individuals in savings banks in the six New England States and New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania amounted to \$1,279,000,000, against \$1,214,000,000 the year before, an increase of \$65,000,000. The number of depositors last year was 3,520,000, or rather more than one in every five inhabitants, as the population of those States was about 17,300,000. The average amount to the credit of each depositor was about \$363.33.

"Among all the vices which it is necessary to subdue in order to build up human character, there is none to be compared in strength, in virulence, with that of impurity. It can outlive and kill a thousand virtues; it can corrupt the most generous heart; it can madden the soberest intellect; it can debase the loftiest imagination."

In the glad days of spring, when the spirit rejoices,
When the old apple tree looks gay as a bride,
I could dream that I heard every one of the voices
Of the friends who sat here on the bench at my side.